

THE AKOUD OF SWAT

HE CALLED FOR THE MOON, BUT IT DID NOT COME DOWN.

An Experiment Which Opened His Eyes to the Difference Between the Theory and the Practice of Things and Incidentally Shortened His Grand Secretary.

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One day, as the akoud of Swat had returned from a trip around town, during which thousands of his subjects had knelt to do him homage, he called for his grand secretary and said:

"Remsen, I'm a good deal of a feller, ain't I?"

"You are, O heaven born!" was the reply.

"Would you call me the biggest thing on earth?"

"Truly, but you are!"

"While I'm around on this earth there can be no other boss, eh, Remsen?"

"All other things are but a fly on a bull wheel compared to your extra highness."

"But how about the heavens, Remsen?" continued the akoud after chuckling his satisfaction. "I am satisfied that I boss the earth, even to the mountains and rivers thereof, but I'm not exactly clear as to the sun, moon and stars. Don't they come under my rule as well?"

"Dost not remember, O mighty ruler, that your title is Akoud the Mighty."



CRIED OUT FOR THE MOON TO TAKE A DROP, boss of the earth and owner of all the planets above? Your humble slave assures you that the sun, moon and every star will hustle to do your bidding."

"Thanks, Remsen. I must be a daisy for sure. Not being clear on the subject, I haven't given much attention to celestial matters, but now I think I'll give them a whirl. If a feller is going to be boss at all, he might as well be a boss on wheels."

"That is true, O akoud, and when you get ready to command the moon to come off her perch I will issue proclamation and get the people."

Old Remsen was a fawning sycophant on skates. He had a good thing and wanted to keep it. He had said the same fulsome words to his master a hundred times over, but nothing had come of it except to make his position more solid. A day or two after the above conversation and while he was going around the palace with a molasses grin on his face the bell jingled, and he was called into the presence of his master.

"By the way, Remsen, do you remember our little conversation the other day?" queried the akoud.

"Can a slave forget his master's words?" asked Remsen as he lifted his hands in protest.

"I've been thinking. I'm a heap of a feller, and you know it, and I know it, but there may be a man or two on the outside who differs with me. I want to do something big to knock 'em all out."

"Will it please thee to behold a thousand men?"

"Well, yes, it would, but as it is just about the time we're getting ready to have paid in the sugar. I think I'll go for the moon, Remsen. She'll be full tonight, and I'll order her to come down to earth."

"But, O ruler, she might be damaged in the fall," protested Remsen, beginning to quake with fear.

"I'll look out for that. We'll spread a feather bed for her to light on. Just leave a proclamation for the people to gather on the east side of my palace at 10 o'clock tonight."

"The moon, O ruler, is sometimes obstinate," suggested Remsen as he felt a pain. "She has even been known to disobey mighty potentates."

"But she'll tumble for me, or I'll know the reason why! Is it not in my title that I am owner of all the planets above? Get along, old boy, and issue that proclamation. When my subjects discover that I can wallow old Luna around at will, there'll be no more kicking about high taxes."

Old Remsen was boxed up and couldn't say another word. He went away and issued his proclamation and then beseeched the grave of his father, the bones of his mother and his lucky stars to send a dark night to knock the experiment on the head. He was looking bilious when night came and the old York state cheese arose in all her glory. Everybody in town was out, and the odds were five to one that the akoud would win. At the hour named he appeared on the steps of his palace and lifted his hands and cried out for the moon to take a drop. It was a dead failure. He cried out again and again, but the moon continued her gait.

"Remsen," said the boss of earth when he realized that he was knocked out, "dismiss the populace and come with me."

The populace went away with their fingers in their cheeks, and when the akoud had reached his library he said:

"How is this, Remsen? Why didn't the moon come down?"

"O ruler," replied the sycophant as his heart-knocking ribs, "there is a difference between theory and fact."

"I see. Theoretically I am owner of the planets. Practically I am an ass. I ought to have got on to this, but being so busy it never occurred to me. Remsen, old boy, come out in the back yard with me."

"O mighty ruler, but what would you do?"

"I'm going to give another illustration of theory versus fact. Theoretically you are my grand secretary and one of the most eminent men in the kingdom. As a matter of fact you are a head shorter, and your bones will go to enrich my gooseberry bushes!"

M. QUAD.

The Eagle Got the Fish.

At this junction of the thoroughfare and Island lake on a dead pine more than 100 feet high sat a white-headed eagle. In the air a large fishhawk was sailing over the water looking for his dinner 200 or 300 feet below him. What penetrating orbs of vision nature has endowed this bird with! There, he gives his lightninglike shot to the water, seems almost submerged, only to reappear with a four-pound pike in his talons. Slowly he rises, going toward the woods, where he hopes to enjoy his well-earned meal, but he has reckoned without his host. The king of birds has been watching his every movement, and, if found successful, is in readiness to exact that tribute which the stronger always demands and compels from the weak.

Almost quick as thought the eagle is pursuing the hawk, and for a little while a merry chase it is. But the eagle is the master, and the hawk instinctively feels it, as after a sudden, violent swoop, only just to evade the terrible claws of the now enraged eagle, he drops the prize and slowly flies to the other end of the lake.

There is no need for haste now, as the master was after tribute, not the hawk. Payment having been made by relinquishing valuable property, the eagle once more displays his wonderful activity by catching the pike before it strikes the water and then as leisurely to cover to gormandise—Forest and Stream.

Under Water.

Strange acquaintances are to be made under water. H. Phelps Whitmarsh, who for a time adopted the calling of pearl fisher in Australian waters, tells this story of meeting a submarine monster:

"It was a muddy day, and everything in consequence looked blurred and exaggerated. In the yellow distance I saw an immense dark object moving slowly toward me. As it came nearer I made out a central body with several great arms, or feelers, waving rhythmically. My heart was in my mouth. 'I felt sure it was an octopus. Then, when I was about to stir up the mud at my feet to avoid being seen, I discovered that the enemy was nothing more than a fellow diver. The feelers I had imagined were his arms, legs and lines."

"A shadowy giant about 12 feet high, with huge hands and a head like a small barrel, was approaching. He walked slowly, his heavy boots raising the mud behind him like a cloud of dust, and his great central eye gleamed darkly. Although I knew him to be a man, it was with difficulty that I refrained from taking to my heels. At sight of me he, too, was startled, but he quickly recovered, and we shook hands. Then we nodded, grinned, showed each other the state of our bags and parted."

"The worst insult which one woman can offer to another is to hold out the right hand in front of her with the index and middle finger forming the letter Y. This means, 'You will become the mother of twins.' When twins are born in this region, they and their mothers are killed, as a rule, and when a mother dies in giving birth to a child the latter is also killed and buried with her. It is not superstition which impels the negroes to dispose of motherless infants in this heartless fashion, but the great difficulty of rearing them. Altogether, the information which Count de Cardl has gathered during his residence of many years in this region of Africa is of rare value, especially to anthropologists."

THE BREAD WAS AN EXTRA.

An English Cafe Charge That Surprised an American.

"One of the strangest things about the management of English restaurants," remarked a gentleman who has recently returned from a visit to London to the writer, "is the custom of charging diners for every slice of bread which they eat. For instance, if two or three before my departure from the British capital I, as a mark of esteem, invited several English friends to dine with me at one of the most celebrated of the fashionable west end restaurants. Well, the repast was served in a private room, and everything went off splendidly until the coffee and cigar stage was reached and I asked that my bill be brought to me. There, to my utter astonishment, the head waiter, in the hearing of the assembled company, approached me and in a loud voice asked, 'And how many breads have you eat, sir?'"

"This question I could not answer, as I had not been engaged in counting the number of slices consumed, but one of my guests, who had evidently kept track of the bread, noticing my embarrassment, said in my behalf, 'Four plates.'"

"Ah," muttered the waiter, 'that's 16 slices.' And after adding the amount to my bill he handed it to me for inspection."

"Of course I paid for the bread, but I have been wondering ever since I did so why the American custom of not charging for the staff of life is not introduced over there."—Washington Star.

When did the military salute come into use? It certainly dates from the earlier half of the fifteenth century, says the London Chronicle. In the "Speculum Humane Salvationis," which was issued before the invention of printing by movable types, there is an exceedingly quaint illustration in which Abraham is represented as saluting Melchisedec. The patriarch is in medieval armor and apparently on guard, and it would seem that Melchisedec is bringing him refreshments of water, and the salute is distinctly the military one still in use.

The Earth's Shadow.

The earth has a shadow, but few ever see it except in eclipse of the moon. Nevertheless many of us have noticed on fine, cloudless evenings in summer, shortly before sunset, a rosy or pink arc on the horizon opposite the sun, with a bluish gray segment under it. As the sun sinks the arc rises until it attains the zenith and even passes it. This is the shadow of the earth.

His Gigantic Intellect.

She—What are you thinking about, Harry?

He—Nothing.

She—Aren't you afraid of overtaxing your brain, dear?—Detroit Free Press.

"De man who talk de mos' erbout de fightin' qualities," remarked Uncle Eph, "usually got mighty long laigs."—Atlanta Constitution.

It is said that mate, the South American tea will sustain life many days without the pang of hunger.

ARMORED COFFINS.

They Were Once Used in a Churchyard in Scotland.

In the earlier half of the nineteenth century the practice of stealing bodies from the churchyards for the purpose of sale as subjects for dissection, which was known as "body snatching," was for a time very rife.

Various plans were made to defeat the nefarious and sacrilegious proceedings of the "body snatchers," or "resurrectionists," as they were sometimes called, a very common one being the erection of two or more small watch-towers whose windows commanded the whole burying ground, and in which the friends of the deceased mounted guard for a number of nights after the funeral.

A usual method of the grave robbers was to dig down to the head of the coffin and bore in a large round hole by means of a specially constructed center bit. It was to counteract this maneuver that the two curious coffin-like relics now lying on either side of the door of the ruined church of Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, were constructed. They are solid masses of cast iron of enormous weight.

When an interment took place one of these massive slabs was lowered by suitable derricks, tackles and chains on to the top of the coffin, the grave was filled in, and there it was left for some considerable time. Later on the grave was opened and the iron armor plate was removed and laid aside ready for another funeral.

These contrivances still lie on the grass of the lonely little churchyard, objects of curiosity to the passing cyclist and tourist.—Scientific American.

Curious African Customs.

Among the human sacrifices of the delta of the Niger, says Count de Cardl, young girls occupy the most honored place. They are at regular periods offered up to the gods, and instead of shrinking from this horrible doom they accept it with pride and gratitude. Nothing is refused to these girls while they are alive. If one of them sees a handsome dress or ornament on a woman and expresses a desire to have it, the woman must give it to her. Men are also sacrificed, though not for religious reasons, and they welcome death as eagerly as the girls.

Count de Cardl once tried to save one of these victims, but instead of saving him, the man reviled him so bitterly for interfering and scolded the bystanders so heartily for delaying to carry out the sentence that they promptly stopped his mouth by killing him.

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He Remembered Them.

"By the way," said the man who had stopped at a farmhouse to water his horse, "15 years ago a poor boy came this way, and you took him in."

"Yes," queried the farmer, somewhat surprised.

"You were kind to him," went on the stranger; "you fed him, gave him words of encouragement and an old suit of clothes, put a dollar in his pocket and sent him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the time that he never would forget your kindness. Am I right?"

"I reckon you are," replied the farmer.

"He said that if he prospered he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor, struggling lad."

"Land's sakes!" exclaimed the farmer's wife excitedly. "It sounds almost like a fairy tale, don't it? Why, you must have seen him."

"I have," said the stranger, "and he sent a message to you."

"What is it?" they both asked expectantly.

"He told me to tell you that he is still poor."

As the stranger drove away the farmer went out and kicked the pump viciously, while his wife threw a rolling pin at the chickens.—New York World.

What They Deserved.

Not very long since an exceedingly well-dressed man about 35 was charged in a north London court with being drunk. He promptly paid his 10 shillings fine and went away. A fortnight later a stylishly dressed woman was charged with a similar offense. As she gave the same name and address I concluded they were husband and wife. So I called on them, and my visit was repeated several times. They had a very nice home, kept two servants and had four children. I noticed a bonny lad of 8, as I saw him several times. Some months later I got a letter as follows:

Dear Mr. Holmes—You know my Jack, the 8-year-old. I am sorry to say that he has got into bad ways—steals money from us, stops out late and is very disobedient. Can you get him into any training home or institution of any kind, where his evil propensities will be cured? Kindly oblige us in this.

I could not resist the temptation to reply as follows:

Dear Sir—I know of but one cure for Jack's evil propensities, and that is a thorough application of the horse-whip to his parents.

—Contemporary Review.

The Explanation.

One morning the readers of a certain newspaper were perplexed to see in type the announcement that "the Scotus handed down an important decision yesterday." The afternoon paper of the town, with which the morning paper for years had held a bitter controversy, interesting none but themselves, laughed that day, as the poets say, "in ghoulish glee," and it was up to the morning paper the next day to explain that "the types" made them say that the Scotus did so and so when the telegraph editor should have known that that word was merely the abbreviation of the telegrapher for supreme court of the United States.

Mistake in Christening.

At Ramsbury Manor, England, there once resided a poultryer's family of the name of Duck. The third son was to be christened, and the mother wanted the name to be William. Just before starting for church the nurse ran up stairs to the father, who was laid up with gout, to tell him they were off.

"What be going to call un, nurse?" "Missus says it's to be William," was the reply. "William be blowed!" said the invalid. "Call un plain Bill!"

In accordance with these laconic instructions the nurse gave the name of Plain-bill to the clergyman, and the infant was christened accordingly.

In an even funnier way is the queer Christian name of Mr. Ono Tichner of Peckham accounted for. When his parents and sponsors arrived at the church, his name had not been settled upon, and the clergyman said, "Name this child," one of the friends said "John," and another said "Oh, no!" meaning not John, and as no one else spoke, the clergyman thought that was to be his name and baptized him Ono. The full account of the baptism is contained in Black's "History of Camberwell."

A clergyman's son vouches for the following: "My father was baptizing a boy of 6 years of age. The names given were Benjamin Joseph. After he was baptized he said to the boy, 'You have two very good names, and you ought to be a good boy. How did you come by them?' 'Please, sir,' said the boy, 'we was twins, and the other died!'"

Easy For Him.

"You understand, of course," pursued the lawyer, "what is meant by a 'preponderance of evidence?'"

"Yes, sir," replied the man whom he was examining with reference to his qualifications as a juror.

"Let me have your idea of it, if you please."

"I understand it, I tell you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, anybody can understand that."

"I would like to have your definition of it."

"I know what it is, all right. When I tell you I know what a thing is, I know it. That's all there is about that."

"Well, what was the question I asked you?"

"You ought to know what that was. If you've forgot your own questions, don't try to get me to remember them for you."

"I don't want to hear any more of that kind of talk," interposed the court.

"Answer the questions addressed to you by the counsel."

"Judge, I did. He asked me if I knew what it was, and I said I did."

"Are you sure you understand what is meant by the term 'preponderance of evidence?'"

"Of course I am, judge."

"Well, let us hear your idea of it."

"It's evidence previously pondered."—Chicago Tribune.

A LITTLE KNOWN ART.

The Tobacco Flavorer Has Short Hours and Draws Big Pay.

"A high grade position of which but little is known, except to the trade," observes a prominent tobacco manufacturer to a Washington Star reporter.

"Is what is known as the 'flavorer,' the man who is responsible for the flavor of all the grades of goods made and who sees to it that the flavor is kept the same year in and year out, it matters not where the tobacco that goes in them comes from or the conditions under which it has grown. Of course tobacco manufacturers endeavor to use the same kind of tobacco all the time, but circumstances at times render this impossible."

"As an illustration, our company had bought up and stored away enough tobacco to make up all our brands of smoking tobacco and cigarettes for the year, when all of a sudden our storehouses were destroyed by fire, and our stock went out of existence. There was no more tobacco of that particular grade to be bought, and we were driven into new fields. The tobacco being raised on a different soil and being slightly different as far as seed and stem were concerned, the flavor was also different. Smokers, and chewers as well, insist on the same flavor all the time."

"Here is where the flavorer comes in. By his art and skill he can make tobacco that grows on low lands taste and smell the same as that grown on high lands. He can make tobacco grown during a dry season take the same flavor as that grown during the rainy season. Tobacco grown at different ends of the same state or in different states are by his treatment the same, as far as the consumer is concerned. He draws big money, but, though he comes high, as the traveling show companies say, 'we must have them.'"

"As may be imagined, there are not many who are competent to do the work, and as a result they range in salaries all the way from \$5 to \$10 per day of about one hour's actual work. They are employed, however, but about nine months in each year."

A Gem of London Humor.

"Well, goodby, Mr. Green. It was so nice of you to come. It does father such a lot of good to have some one to talk to."

THEY GOT FRESH AIR.

The Door Remained Open After a Very Forceful Argument.

An old story is told of Joseph Robidoux, the founder of St. Joseph, that had its origin in Holt county in the early settlement of that section. The trader who started the city was returning to St. Joseph with number of red men, and they stopped with an acquaintance of Robidoux's close to the house, and Robidoux went in to remain overnight as the guest of his friend.

The settler closed the front door after they had retired, and Robidoux, who was used to sleeping in the open air, went softly to it and opened it. The owner of the house waited until Robidoux was in bed again, and the settler closed it. That was the end of the matter. "The next time that door is closed there will be trouble," said the man who had founded St. Joseph. He resumed his couch with that.

The owner of the house closed the door, and Robidoux met him as he was returning to his bed. They clinched and fought by the light of the moon that came in through the window. It was a hard fight and lasted a long time, but at last Robidoux had the settler on his back and sat astride of him. He tangled his hands in his hair and bumped his head against the parlor floor. "Open or shut?" he asked. The settler struggled, but did not say a word. His head was bumped many times, and the question was repeated. Finally the settler was exhausted. His head was bumped again, and Robidoux asked, "Open or shut?"

"Open," answered the settler, and they went to bed with the door standing wide open, admitting the fresh air.—Kansas City Journal.

Strategy in a Street Car.

"In the matter of strategy a woman can get the better of a man every time in minor affairs, at least," said a man who is in business down town and who rides home in a West Philadelphia car during the rush hour every evening. "I usually get a seat, for I take the car away down at Fourth street. The other evening I was busily reading my paper when a woman got aboard at Twelfth street. I glanced up slyly and saw that all the seats were occupied. Hasty as my glance was, she caught my eye, and that was my finish. Smiling broadly, she came over to where I was sitting and exclaimed: 'Why, how do you do? How are all the folks?'"

"I couldn't place the woman to save my life, but I lifted my hat and replied that we were all well. 'She must be some friend of the family,' I argued with myself, so I folded up my paper and gave her my seat. After she had settled herself comfortably she looked up at me in a queer sort of way and said: 'Really, I must beg your pardon. I took you for Mr. Jones. You look so much like him.'"

"But she had the seat, and she kept it. It was a clear case of bunko."—Philadelphia Record.

He Knew the Spot.

An amusing anecdote is related of General Sherman, who, as commanding general of the army, visited West Point one June for the graduation exercises. He accompanied the commandant on his Sunday morning tour of inspection of barracks, and on entering a certain room he walked over to the mantelpiece. Stopping down, he pried up a brick from the middle of the hearth with his sword scabbard and revealed a hollow space about a foot square, in which was nicely packed a considerable quantity of tobacco and other contraband articles. Meanwhile the cadets occupying the room stood by mutely watching and wondering what sort of man the general was to be. He had been to discover the only "cellar" of its kind in barracks. Turning to the commandant, the general remarked:

"I have been wondering if that hole was still there. I made it when I was a cadet and lived in this room."—New York Tribune.

Idioty in Numbers.

The Contributor—The 2thake may be perfectly cured without pain.

The Editor—We ider if the specific is hard 2 take. If not, we will try it 4with.

Subeditor—If cured, it will be a ider indeed!

Assistant Sub—Iderly, gentlemen, 'tis a sad subject.

Deputy Assistant Sub—Yes, and requiring 40unde 2 bear.

Correspondence Editor—This is carrying the matter as far as 80quette will bear.

Office Boy—Those who are so 42n-8 as to do the above will find each paragraph 2 contain a slight 11 of humor.

Printer's Devil—G-4 shame, gentlemen—G-4 shame!—Pearson's.

He Ought to Marry.

Miss Antique—You ought to get married, Mr. Oldchapp.

Mr. Oldchapp (earnestly)—I have wished many times lately that I had a wife.

Miss Antique (delighted)—Have you, really?

Mr. Oldchapp—Yes. If I had a wife, she'd probably have a sewing machine, and the sewing machine would have an oil can, and I could take it and oil my office chair. It squeaks horribly.—Exchange.

Cutting Watch Glasses.

In the production of common watch glasses the glass is blown into a sphere about a meter in diameter, sufficient material being taken to give the desired thickness, as the case may be. Disks are then cut out from this sphere with the aid of a pair of compasses having a diamond at the extremity of one leg. There is a knack in detaching the disk after it has been cut. A good workman will, it is said, cut 6,000 glasses in a day.

This Offer Interests Every Reader.

If you knew that you need never again be kept awake by a croupy or "whooping" child, it would be a relief. Well, it is so. Scott & Gilbert of San Francisco tell you that Dr. Gill's Bala-tanic Cough Syrup will stop your cough, and they prove it. First ask your druggist or storekeeper for a full-size bottle; if he offers something else, send us 23 cents (stamps) and we will prepay a trial bottle to prove that Bala-tanic, which is a pleasant, harmless, vegetable syrup will quickly stop any cough.

A SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, my beloved. To sleep and dream is best. The night to us is peace, the day unrest. For day, while parted, brings to us but pain; In dreams we live the dear past o'er again.

We weep not in our sleep; Our tears are for the day; Which smiles, while I but weep, For thou art far away.

Hushed be the voices of the garish day, Its frets and cares and sorrows swept away; Forgotten quite the interval of years Since last we met, with all their bitter tears.

Sleep, love. To dream is best. Our waking is but pain; In sleep alone we rest And live the past again.

Sleep, my dear love, and be thy dreams of me! Waking or sleeping, I still think of thee, But dreams make present time of the past; The night restores thee—would my dreams might last!

Dream, dear, till the day breaks And earthly shadows flee, Where none to grieve ne'er wakes And I be one with thee.

—Neil Macdonald in Harper's Bazar.

Had It Lowered.

Sir Augustus Harris once settled the pitch question in his own offhand fashion. A famous prima donna of his opera company came to him complaining that the piano used for vocal rehearsals was too high and asking that it might be lowered.

"Certainly," replied Drurilous, with a bow. "Here, Forsyth, have a couple of inches sawed off the legs of his piano."

Genetius the Actor.

Some English investigator has discovered that actors have a patron saint who was an actor in the days of Diocletian and won his place by proclaiming before a heathen audience his belief in Christianity. He was put to death and for many years afterward was considered by Christian actors as their patron saint. His name was Genetius.

Rascality would have a much harder row to hoe if it were not for fools waiting to be victimized.—Chicago Democrat.

Could Not Sleep.

Sleeplessness marks the very climax of human suffering. It is only a step removed from insanity. When sleep no longer restores the exhausted nature, the struggle with disease cannot last long. The starting point of the nervous disorders which produce ill-health and sleeplessness is generally a diseased condition of the womanly organs. Restore these organs to sound health and the appetite comes back, the day's work no longer wears, and sleep is sound and refreshing. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures diseases of the womanly organs. It stops the drains which weaken women; it heals the inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

"There is no alcohol in 'Favorite Prescription' and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. It is a temperance medicine."

HE WORKED DESTRUCTION

A Sample of What a Fairly Healthy Cockerel Can Do.

A light cock securely fastened on the cockatoo's leg promised safety, but he contrived to get within reach of my new curtain and rapidly devoured some half yard or so of a hand painted border, which was the pride of my heart. Then came an interval of calm and exemplary behavior which lulled me into a false security. Cockerel seemed to have but one object in life, which was to pull out all his own feathers, and by evening the dining room often looked as though a white fowl had been plucked in it.

I consulted a bird doctor, but as Cockerel's health was perfectly good and his diet all that could be recommended, it was supposed that only plucked himself for want of occupation, and firewood was recommended as a substitute. This answered very well, and he spent his leisure in gnawing sticks of deal—only when no one chanced to be in the room he used to unfasten the swivel of his chain, leave it dangling on the stand and descend in search of his playthings. When the fire had not been lighted, I often found half the coals pulled out of the grate and the firewood in splinters. At last, with warmer weather, both coals and wood were removed, so the next time Master Cockerel found himself short of a job he set to work on the dining room chairs, first pulled out all their bright nails and next tore holes in the leather, through which he triumphantly dragged the stuffing.

At one time he went on a visit for some weeks and ate up everything within his reach in that friendly establishment. His "bag" for one afternoon consisted of a venerable fern and a large palm, some library books, newspapers, a pack of cards and an arm chair. And yet every one adores him, and he is the spoiled child of more than one family.—Cornhill.

Dangerous Etiquette.

Old world privilege and restriction reign supreme in Spain, where there is a law that no subject shall touch the person of the king or queen.

Alfonso XIII. nearly suffered a severe fall from this rule in his childhood. An aunt of his made him a present of a swing. When he used it for the first time, the motion frightened him, and he began to cry, whereupon a lackey lifted him quietly out of it and so, no doubt, preserved him from falling.

The breach of etiquette, however, was flagrant and defiant. The queen was obliged to punish it by dismissing the man from his post. At the same time she showed her real feelings on the subject by appointing him immediately to another and better place in the royal household.

In another case a queen of Spain nearly lost her life in a dreadful way owing to this peculiar rule. She had been thrown when out riding, and her foot catching in the stirrup, she was dragged. Her escort would not risk interference, and she would have been dashed to pieces but for the heroic interposition of a young man who stopped the horse and released her from the dangerous position.

As soon as they saw she was safe her escort turned to arrest the traitor who had dared to touch the queen's foot, but he was not to be seen. Knowing well the penalty he had incurred he made off at once, fled for his life and did not stop until he had crossed the frontier.

Lost Hat Stories.
The London Globe has been collecting a series of lost hat stories, of which the following are specimens:

A father and son were standing at the entrance to Old Chain pier at Brighton when the dear little boy tumbled into the dancing waves. A bystander, accoutered as he was plunged into the sea and, buffeting the waves with lusty sniffs, succeeded at last in setting the dripping child at his father's feet. "And what have ye done with his hat?" said his father.

A correspondent sent the following narrative: A festive bluejacket was seen from a ship in Malta harbor dancing on the top of the parapet wall at Fort Ricassol. First his hat blew over and then, leaning over to look for it, he lost his balance and fell after it—a sheer drop of 30 feet or more. The surgeon on duty was landed with a party to bring off the remains for identification. They found them crawling about on hands and knees and inquired if he was seriously hurt. "Hurt he blowed!" was his reply. "Where's my hat?"

Only a Misunderstanding.

Several years ago, in a well known wholesale house in a big manufacturing town, an old bachelor bookkeeper, who had been many years with the firm, suddenly announced that he was to be married.

The partners gave him a week's holiday, and his fellow clerks raised a little purse and presented it to pay the expenses of his wedding trip. A couple of days after the wedding one of the members of the firm went down to a seaside resort, and there lounging about the parade and apparently enjoying himself immensely, he saw his recently married old bookkeeper, but alone.

"Where's your wife?" asked the principal.

"She's at home," was the reply. "But I thought you had money given you for a wedding trip?"

"So I had," was the reply, "but I didn't understand that it was intended to include her."—Pearson's Weekly.

She Rode Free.

A woman who had come out of the west, where she had been a cow girl on a ranch, was boarding a car in this city recently. She had just placed her foot upon the step and was preparing to take another step to the upper platform when, with a furious "Step lively!" the conductor pulled the strap. The car jerked forward, and the western woman swayed back for a minute, then just caught herself in time to prevent a bad fall upon the cobble.

She confronted the conductor with angry eyes—eyes that had looked undimmed into those of mighty horned monsters of the prairies.

"What do you mean by starting the car before I was on it?" she asked. "Can't wait all day for you, lady," the conductor snarled. "Just step inside there."

In a moment the western woman, with a backward glow sweep of the arm, lunged for the conductor's head. He dodged. The blow sent his hat spinning back into the track. The woman entered the car and sat down. She was flushed, but dignified. While the other women passengers were rather startled, they all knew just how she felt. Then the car stopped, while the conductor went back for his hat. The western woman rode free that time.—Western Sun.

New York's Slavery.

When New York city owned a slave-ship is told in an article in Pearson's Magazine. The greatest impetus was given to the slave trade by the act of parliament of 1684, which legalized slavery in the North American colonies. This does not mean that slavery was unknown in what is now the United States before that time, because as early as 1620 a Dutch man-of-war landed and sold 20 African negroes at Jamestown, Va.

In 1626 the West India company imported slaves from the West Indies to New York city, then New Amsterdam. The city itself owned shares in a slave-ship, advanced money for its fitting out and shared in the profits of its voyages. This recognition and encouragement may account for the astounding fact that in 1750 slaves formed one-sixth of the entire population of New York. The general prevalence of slavery is shown by the fact that at this time there were 67 slaves in New York's small suburb of Brooklyn, and that in London itself there were resident 20,000 slaves.

Slaves were at that time publicly dealt in on the London exchange. No wonder the traffic in human flesh was a recognized commerce, and that in 1771 the English alone sent to Africa 192 ships equipped for the trade and with a carrying capacity of 47,146 slaves per trip.

A Tricky Dog.

Not long ago a very fat spaniel was introduced into the house where a fox terrier had always been the master. The latter was told, however, to be on his guard against the newcomer and not to bully him. So the two spaniels were friendly and in the end got in the habit of taking short rambles together.

However, the fox terrier was evidently of a thoughtful disposition and on one occasion came across a bank, or wall, which was easy enough to leap off, but there was greater difficulty in returning. The fox terrier sprang down the bank and enticed his heavy companion to follow, with the result that the latter could not get back, while the former, by reason of his greater activity, was easily able to do.

Now the terrier saw his opportunity, returned home and cruelly left his companion lamenting. Never did the companion seem happier or gayer than on that day when he had come more the sole run of the house, and he sulked when later on the spaniel had been found, assisted up the wall and brought home.

Since then the fox terrier has repeatedly got the spaniel down the same place, with the usual result, and seems to glory in his mischievous act. Whether the "fat dog" will learn to avoid temptation to such a rambles remains to be seen.—Buffalo News.

How "David Harum" Came to Be Written.

An interesting little anecdote is told about how "David Harum" came to be written. It is rather pathetic. It seems that Mr. Wescott, the author, was the kind of man who could do pretty much anything—paint a picture, plan a house or compose a sonata—but he had never made much money, so when he became ill and realized that he might not live long and would leave his family with little or no money he was desperate.

"Write a book," suggested a friend and neighbor to him one day when they were talking over the situation. "I did make an attempt at it once," answered Mr. Wescott. "I tried a love story, but I couldn't make it go." "Add a little local color to it," said the first speaker. "Take one of the people about here that you know and work him up—old —, for instance," mentioning a character familiar to them both. "He'd be first rate."

"That's a good idea!" exclaimed Mr. Wescott, and the result of this conversation was "David Harum," and yet "David" was never in the story at all as it was first conceived.—Anna Wentworth in Woman's Home Companion.

Belaying His Jaws.

Shark stories, with some reason, are commonly received with incredulity. A well authenticated anecdote, however, is told of Dr. Frederic Hill, an English surgeon of distinction.

A man fell overboard in the Indian ocean and almost into a shark's mouth. Hill, who was standing close to the rail, grabbed a belaying pin and without hesitation jumped to save the sailor.

The great brute was just turning on his back to bite, when Hill drove the belaying pin right through both jaws. Both men were got on board again unharmed.

"Perhaps that fellow won't want another toothpick. Has any one got a clean shirt to lend?" was my last," were the only words of the rescuer.

How Masks Are Made.

Paper masks are made by doubling one sheet of a specially prepared paper, wetting it and molding it by hand over a face form. It is then dried by artificial heat. Openings are cut for eyes, nose and mouth, and it is painted and decorated by hand as desired.

Wire masks are made by stamping a piece of wire netting about a foot square over a face mold in a large machine, inclosing the rough wire edges in a narrow strip of lead. Then it is painted. The painting is done by hand in oil colors.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Must Discriminate.

"For mercy's sake, Mildred," exclaimed Mrs. Highmore, shocked at the negligence of her youngest daughter, who had gone to the front door to look at a fire on the other side of the street, "don't you know you never ought to appear in public with your collar unbuttoned and your sleeves rolled up except when you are playing golf?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Oyster.

The oyster is as fixed and sedentary as the potato, and its cultivation is just as easy. In Europe its propagation has been reduced to a scientific basis, but in this country only a beguiling has been made.

An oyster is ready for market in about five years. The bivalves have so much to contend with that perhaps only one in 2,000,000 lives to grow up and be eaten by human beings.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Not to Be Encouraged.

"What do you think of a man who regularly carries his business home with him?"

"Well, that depends. Now, if a man's business is to sell liquor, for instance, it isn't just the thing for him to take a great deal of it home with him every night."—Boston Transcript.

No Reciprocity.

"Annie Nibbins is the meanest kind of a gossip."

"What variety is that?"

"She's the kind that doesn't tell anything herself, but gets you to tell all you know."—Chicago Record.

DOG AND PUPPY CRATES.

Made For the Convenient Transportation of These Animals.

The dog that is shipped by express is likely to travel in these days not only in safety, but also in comfort. There are various kinds of dog crates made especially for such use, some of them flat topped and some of later design gable topped and some oval topped, so that nothing can be placed on top of them. Dog crates are made in various sizes as well as styles, some with open sides and ends, some closed all around, except for the open spaces left for ventilation. Crates for bulldogs and dogs that gnaw are made with slats that, whether separated or set close together, are iron bound, so that the dogs can't set their teeth in the edges.

The dog crate is provided with a cup for water which is so constructed that the water can't spill out of it, and this cup is secured in the crate under an opening in the top of the crate through which the dog can be kept supplied without opening the crate at all. Attached to the front of the crate is the dog's buffet, like a long canvas wallet or envelope, in which the dog's food is carried. The dog crate has at the ends handles by which it can be picked up and carried as a trunk would be.

Besides these various sizes and styles of dog crates there are also made in various sizes smaller, lighter crates for puppies, and crates of one sort and another of special sizes are made to order.

First and last there are sold a good many dog and puppy crates, and they are regular articles of stock where dog supplies are sold.—New York Sun.

"Norma" and Liberty.

In an air in the opera of "Norma" the theatrical censor went so far as to cancel the word "liberty" (liberty) and substitute for it the word "loyalty" (loyalty). * * * Signor Ronconi, the famous baritone and a great public favorite, having, in the ardor of his role, forgotten the above mentioned emendation, was imprisoned for three days in order to refresh his memory.

Not long after, singing the line in the "Elixir d'Amore" describing how a peasant enlisted, "Vende la liberta, si fe soldato" (He sold his liberty to be a soldier), he wagslissly altered it to "Vende la lealta, si fe soldato." This variation of the text was received with lively applause by the public, who always warmly welcomed anything that savored of political opposition.

The next day the poor singer was summoned by the head of the police to receive a reprimand for having said that "loyalty could be sold," to which Ronconi replied by observing that a few days before he had been taught in a way he was not likely to forget that "lealta" ought always to be substituted for "liberta."—Pietro Orsi's "Modern Italy."

The First Early Evening Paper.

The plan of this Paper not being generally known, the Proprietors most respectfully take the Liberty of submitting the following Sketch of it to the perusal of the Public.

The Paper will be regularly published every day at Twelve o'clock and will contain all the actual news of the Nine Morning Papers, cautiously and faithfully selected from them. Every Species of Misinformation and Untruth will be guarded against with the utmost care, and the Communication of real authenticated Intelligence only will ever be the grand Object of this Print.

Besides the Advantage of having all the News of the Nine Morning Papers condensed in one, the Noon Gazette will contain a Postscript with every Article of Important Intelligence that may arise on the Morning of its publication, so that as well as a universal Morning Paper, this Print will be found little, if at all, inferior to any Evening Publication.—From The Noon Gazette and Daily Register, 1780.

Some Ink and a Shirt.

I once remember having a noted London doctor out at sea for a little matter, who would like to see a longlo cut caught, he said. I asked him of what was likely to happen when gaffing was on, but he did not care. "Surely," he said, "I can dodge such guesswork as this must be for so short a time."

I felt dubious as to the result, seeing his white shirt was a prominent object through his having such an open vest. Finally a cuttle took the bait, and as I drew it toward us the doctor lost all thought of himself and his adornments. His admiration of the movements and the beautiful eyes of the creature girt clothed in green, to each of whom the testator bequeathed a sum of money for her dowry. Lastly, no one in the procession was to wear black. All these orders were absolutely carried into effect.—Household Words.

Crestly Violins.

The current value of Stradivarius violins in London is said to range from £80 to £800. In Stradivarius' own time one Cervetto of London received a commission of the master's instruments which he was commissioned to sell for £4 apiece. But he was obliged to send them back, as no Englishman at that time would buy them at any such figure. Stradivarius himself is said to have asked a price of 4 louis d'or for each of his violins.

Her Prospects Good.

"Do you think he can support you in good style when you are married, dear? I hear he is worth nothing."

"I know Harold isn't rich, mamma, but he has his life insured for \$20,000, and I could get along quite comfortably on that."—Chicago Tribune.

Giving Them the Slip.

An impecunious man in Kansas City practically lives on bananas. When he eats them, he throws the peels just outside his office door. That's the way he gives his creditors the slip.—Kansas City Star.

The Word "Salary."

The way language is built up is very interesting, and the derivation of the word "salary" is curious as well. In ancient times Roman soldiers received a daily portion of salt as part of their pay. "Sal" is the Latin for salt, and when the salt was in course of time commuted for money the amount was called salary, or salt money; hence our word "salary" and hence, doubtless, the expression "not worth his salt"—that is, not worth his "salt money," or salary.

Not Restricted.

"That gentleman who is being introduced to Miss Blinks is a freethinker."

"Which is he, a bachelor or a widow?"—Brooklyn Life.

About one half of the questions of life we solve; the other half solve us.—Milwaukee Journal.

"Kissed Him Out."

In "The Argonauts of California" Mr. C. W. Haskins tells a good story of sauerkraut. In one of the mining districts near Sacramento a storekeeper received a barrel of provisions which seemed to be spoiled, to judge by the smell. Instead of throwing it away, he thrust it into one corner of a shed, where waste and rubbish were piled upon it.

One day a fairly, dust covered Dutchman entered the store.

"I want me some dot," pointing toward the shed.

"What is dot?" inquired the storekeeper.

"I shows you," said the miner. "You shust come mit me." And to the shed they went, where, pointing to the rubbish heap, the Dutchman explained, "Some of dot in dere vas vat I wants."

Boxes and barrels were removed, and the condemned barrel was exposed. But when the miner eagerly pointed to it the trader heard him it was spoiled meat, not fit to eat.

"I knows better as dot," said the Dutchman. "You bust him in and I shows you."

An ax was brought and the barrel "busted in," when, instead of spoiled meat, there was revealed some good, old fashioned sauerkraut, made in Holland and shipped around Cape Horn.

"I knows it," said the delighted miner. "I nose him out!"

The sauerkraut sold readily at a dollar a pound and was in great demand. The Dutch miners heard of it and walked 10 and 15 miles to get a taste of the dainty.

A Slave's Cargo.

From the time we first got on board the slave, says J. Taylor Wood in The Atlantic, had we heard moans, cries and rumblings coming from below, and as soon as the captain and crew were removed the hatches had been taken off, when there arose a hot blast as from a charnel house, sickening and overpowering. In the hold were 300 human beings, gasping, struggling for breath, dying, their bodies, limbs and faces all expressing terrible suffering. In their agonizing fight for life some had torn or wounded themselves or their neighbors dreadfully; some were stiffened in the most unnatural positions.

As soon as I knew the condition of things I sent the boat back for the doctor and some whiskey. He returned, bringing also the captain, and for an hour or more we were all hard at work lifting and helping the poor creatures on deck, where they were laid out in rows. A little water and stimulant revived most of them. Some, however, were dead or too far gone to be resuscitated. The doctor worked earnestly over each one, but 17 were beyond human skill. As fast as he pronounced them dead they were quickly dropped overboard.

The "King of Rome."

What became of Napoleon's son is a question often asked, as little mention is made in history of the young prince, the desire of his father's life, who was born March 20, 1811, amid great rejoicing in Paris and hailed as the "king of Rome." In January, 1814, Napoleon embraced his wife and child for the last time, and this really ended the reign of the little king "who never saw his kingdom." He was reared in the Austrian court under the name of Duke of Reichstadt and grew to be a handsome young fellow and quite a brilliant scholar. He had one short year of military life and then contracted pulmonary disease, from which he died in his twenty-second year. He worshipped the memory of his father and always spent the anniversary of his death, July 22, in his own rooms. He is buried in the Carthusian monastery of Vienna, which is the Austrian Westminster abbey.

A Jolly Funeral.

An Italian doctor, named Louis Cortusio, who died in the eighteenth century, left some curious instructions as to the manner of his burial. This gentleman, by his will, forbade his relations to weep at his funeral on pain of being disinherited and appointed him for his funeral the longest and loudest the principal heir and legate. Not a stitch of black was to be displayed either in the house in which he should be buried. They were both to be strewn with flowers and green boughs on the day of his funeral. Instead of the tolling of bells lively music was to accompany his body to the church, and 60 minstrels were to march with the clergy sounding their flutes, trombones and trumpets. The bier was to be adorned with 12 marriageable girls clothed in green, to each of whom the testator bequeathed a sum of money for her dowry. Lastly, no one in the procession was to wear black. All these orders were absolutely carried into effect.—Household Words.

Straw Horseshoes.

Straw is put to strange uses in Japan. Most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of cart horses wear straw shoes. In their way the shoes are tied around the ankles with straw rope and are made of the ordinary reed straw, braided so that they form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These shoes cost about a half penny per pair, and when they are worn out they are thrown away. Every cart has a stock of fresh new shoes tied to the horse or to the front of the cart, and in Japan it was formerly the custom to measure distance largely by the number of horse-shoes it took to cover the distance. So many horseshoes made a day's journey, and the average shoe lasted for about eight miles of travel.

Growing Matches.

The Belgian artisan spends his leisure in a very curious manner. He keeps a special cock for growing, and the bird which can outgrow its fellows has reached the highest pinnacle of perfection. The mode of operation is to place the cages containing the roosters in long rows, for it appears that one bird sets the other off crowing. A marker appointed by the organizers of the show is told off for each bird, his duty being to note carefully the number of crows for which it is responsible in the same fashion as the laps are recorded in a bicycle race. The customary duration of the match is one hour, the winner being the bird which scores the highest number of crows in the allotted time. A great number of these competitions have taken place in the Liege district, and in some cases heavy bets have been made on the result.

What It Looked Like.

"Beg pardon," said the rude young man, gathering his features together again, "I simply couldn't suppress that yawn."

"Don't mention it," replied the bright girl. "By the way, that reminds me. I visited the Mammoth cave last summer."—Exchange.

MAGIC AMULETS.

Thought to Bring Good Luck to The Chinese.

It is the desire of every Chinaman's heart to possess a pair of magic bracelets. Arm rings or bracelets are thought a great deal in the Celestial empire, the custom of wearing them having been handed down from time immemorial. Usually made of jade stone, the Chinese arm ring of today is of one invariable shape. It looks like a large martingale.

The Chinese word for jade is ngook-seu and for jade arm ring or bracelet ngook-ak. The custom in China is to place the bracelet on a young man's arm just before the hand stops growing. A tight fit is usually secured, and once placed the amulet arm ring is worn throughout life. At death, if the bracelet has proved a lucky one and if there is a son whom it will fit, the bones in the old man's hand are broken and the bracelet removed.

Many are the marvelous tales told by the Chinese of the wonderful qualities these amulets possess. There is a tradition that a certain Chinese emperor who was stricken with paralysis wore upon his forearm a magic bracelet, which kept life in that member for many months and allowed him to make known his desires and decrees by writing. At last, when death claimed the emperor, something even more wonderful took place. Dead three days and lying in state, his body was being viewed by the priests. The advisability of removing the bracelet was being considered, when the hand was lifted up and gave a signal which they interpreted to mean the bracelet should go with its owner to the tomb.

Among other wonderful properties a good amulet is said to act as a fairly reliable barometer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Spelling a Sermon.

I have had some private experience, or, rather, experience with printers, which makes me fear that the "imp of the types" has "got it in" for me for abandoning the craft and becoming a poor preacher. Recently I was to preach on the Old Testament characters "Nabab and Abihu," and one of the daily papers got it, "Nabab and Abihu." Shades of Gutenberg!

My first Sunday morning sermon after I came home from my vacation for some time was, "Suppressed Livers," but one of the papers announced it as "Suppressed Livers." Such a thing as that is wearing and tends to make life not worth living, especially if, as is said, the worth of life depends on the liver. Fancy your liver suppressed!—Homiletic Review.

Thin Gold.

Goldbeaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch. They are so thin that, if formed into a book, 1,500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper, and an octavo volume one inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well stocked library of 1,500 volumes with 400 pages in each.

Harmony Regardless of Expense.

"Beg pardon," said the postal clerk who had sold her the stamps, "but you don't have to put a 5 cent stamp on a letter for Canada."

"I know," said she, "but the shade just matches my envelope, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

An Embarrassment of Rulers.

"What's the matter, Bobby?"

"Gramma, they's too many folks a-bringin me up. I'd get along better if I on'y had you."—Indianapolis Journal.

Conscience the Coward.

Murderers uncaught suffer awful agonies of fear when alone with their consciences, but when apprehended, tried, convicted, sentenced and incarcerated they become callous to fear. Jailers tell me this is the general rule. There is an acquitted murderer in this city, once a leading politician, who has not been able to sleep alone in a dark room these 29 years. A light must be kept burning and an attendant is constantly on guard. A Wall street broker, who has "done" every one of his most faithful friends, dares not go to bed in the dark. He keeps a light burning in his room and one in the hall, leaving the door open. In the small hours of the morning he awakens his family with pitiful cries. The city man who is not afraid of the dark streets, who will brave thugs and stable gangs at any hour of the night is in a panic when alone in a forest.—New York Press.

Pulpit and Pew.

In his "Lighter Moments" the late Bishop Walsham How tells of a lady, a great admirer of a certain preacher who took Bishop Magee with her to hear him and asked him afterward what he thought of the sermon.

"It was very long," the bishop said.

"Yes," said the lady, "but there was a saint in the pulpit."

"And a martyr in the pew," rejoined the bishop.

Not a Fault Finder.

"You are not one of these men who find fault with the cooking at home?"

"No," answered Mr. Mackintosh. "I don't exactly find fault, but occasionally I do feel called on to apologize for the way things taste when Henrietta gets home from the club. You see, I never could learn to make good coffee."—Washington Star.

Municipal Ownership.

Municipal ownership long ago passed out of the stage of theory and experiment, if, in fact, it ever belonged there. Centuries before America was discovered public ownership of public utilities was highly developed. The city of Rome 2,000 years ago possessed its splendid public baths, its superb aqueducts and other utilities owned and managed by the government.

No wonder they call it roasting a mule to make him over the coals.—Philadelphia Record.

The man who is afraid he may work too hard never does.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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